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A Magic Purse.

'Alas, I have nothing to give!' said a Tamil woman, one of the poorest members of the congregation of a little mission-church, in support of which an appeal had been made to the congregation. Two scanty meals were all that poor Mary could allow herself, and her daily toil was very hard; but the poor old woman loved her church for the sake of the Saviour she loved; so she resolved to limit her food to her morning rice, until she had saved at least a few pice.

With these she bought a skein of colored thread, which she worked into a crochet purse, hoping to sell this to some richer member of the mission. But now it struck her that her work looked incomplete without a ring!

As she sat lamenting this defect, her eye fell on a brass finger-ring she always wore; it was a shabby worthless thing, but it was Mary's only trinket and she prized it exceedingly. Only after a hard struggle could she draw it from her hand, and place it on the little purse: but, so perfect did her work now appear, that she felt well repaid for her sacrifice.

She carried her offering to Mrs. Rogers, her missionary friend, who would have bought it; but others wished, for Mary's sake, to possess her work, and quite a little auction took place, Mrs. Rogers finally securing the prize for a sum which astonished the lowly giver.

Some time afterwards the missionary went to America for a brief rest, and had the opportunity to plead the cause of the Tamil Mission at several ladies' meetings. On one occasion, she passed round Mary's little handiwork for exhibition, and told its humble history.

So general and practical was the interest excited that the purse was returned to Mrs. Rogers filled with silver and gold: and when the missionary went back to Ceylon, she carried with her poor Mary's gift in the valuable form of a small organ, long wanted in the mission church.—Alice J. Muirhead, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

TAMIL MILK-SELLERS.

Experiences of Western Life.

(By a Country Parson.)

In the fall of 1858 it was my privilege to attend a camp meeting held near the town of Mountain View, in Santa Clara County. The ground was nicely shaded with trees, which afforded a good shelter for those who came hither to worship. The meeting began on Friday evening, and without any religious interest so far as man could judge. On Saturday the audience was greatly increased, but the interest seemed to remain about the same. Sabbath was a beautiful day, and after the morning prayers at the tents and breakfast were over, there was a general prayer-meeting held before the hour for preaching. After the eleven o'clock sermon the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered, but the services still seemed to prove lifeless; even unconverted men began to talk about it, saying, 'I was in hopes there would be a deep interest on the part of Christian people, so that we might feel a great deal more like becoming Christians.' The afternoon service was held with the same results.

Professors of religion and non-professors both seemed to grow restless about it, wondering what the outcome would be. Between the afternoon and evening sermon two young ministers went to the secret grove for prayer, and on their way were overtaken by the leader of the meeting (sometimes they were called bishops even if they were Presbyterians). This bishop was Father Brawley, who said: 'Brethren, one of you must preach to-night, and I cannot tell which should; you must settle it between yourselves.' They retired to separate places and prayed, and when they met neither was satisfied. Again they went and prayed, and when they met again the younger of the two said: 'For the first time in my life I believe I am the one who should preach'; said the other: 'If you have the light, preach, for I am not satisfied.' The hour arrived for the evening service, and with a heart full of the burden of his message, he entered the pulpit and began. He said to the congregation when he commenced: 'When I am through with what I have to say I expect to ask those who desire to be saved to come forward for the prayers of the Lord's people, and a number are coming, and they are going to experience the joys of pardoned sin, and I want you Christians to be prepared to pray for them, and to rejoice with them.'

The leader of the meeting was an old veteran, and had passed through many spiritual conflicts, but the assertion of the young minister seemed almost to unnerve him, and he groaned aloud, and said afterward that 'he thought all was ruined, and a declaration made that would never be fulfilled'; the brother, he thought, 'must be beside himself, when he knows there has been no interest at the meeting.'

The preaching was of the heart-searching kind, and very pointed, and told plainly as words could the doom of the finally impenitent, and the great danger of delay. When he meant hell, he did not shun to say it. At the close of the sermon the call for seekers of religion was made, and six came forward, and all were converted before midnight. Among the number who came was one who had been an avowed infidel, and lived near the bishop of the meeting. He said that that night's services had convinced him of the reality of religion. When he came forward, he made his way to the leader of the meeting, and there on bended knees, and with overflowing eyes, he looked up at him and said: 'Father B——, pray for me, I am a poor unclean, wretched sinner.' I certainly never heard him pray as he did that night; he seemed to bring heaven and earth together, and the presence of the Lord God of Israel was made known on the encampment, and especially did light and joy, and love fill the soul of the one who had so lately been an infidel. He very soon told what the Lord had done for him, and before long one after another were converted, until the six were all joyful in the Redeemer. These converts were the cause of general rejoicing, and from that time on until the close of the meeting many more were saved.

When Zion's watchmen all awake as they should, and heed the alarm they give, men cannot stand before the gospel message but must yield to its gentle entreaties. The leader of the meeting and his once infidel neighbor have both gone home to their eternal rest.—'The Occident.'

He Continued to Whistle.

Some have fallen into the error of supposing that noise means enterprise, and that the city or town which produces the greatest din in proportion to the number of its inhabitants must of necessity be most rapidly advancing in modern civilization. Whatever else advancing civilization may mean, it certainly means an ever-increasing respect on the part of each individual for the rights, health and comfort of all the others. Churches, hospitals, public and private chari-

ties, etc., should not be the only evidences of Christian civilization in our cities. The Kingdom of Heaven on earth is peace and quiet within, and this peace and quiet ought to be reflected in our method of conducting our daily occupations, and the business of our cities should be done with the least possible amount of noise and distraction.

In the best of circumstances, city dwellers must always suffer in health and comfort from noise, just as they must always suffer from lack of the purest air, even under the best possible sanitary conditions. But any one who makes a careful study of city noises will be astonished at the very large number which are wholly unnecessary, and the abolition of which would in no way interfere with the rights or business interests of those who make them. The first, and by far the larger class, make unnecessary noise thoughtlessly. They have never had their attention called to the fact that they cause annoyance to others by making noises which are unnecessary; and education and the creation of a sentiment is all that is necessary to make them as careful to respect the rights and comfort of others in the matter of noise as they are in other respects. A personal experience illustrates what I mean. As I was riding in a street-car recently, a respectable-looking young man sat beside me, and for twenty blocks he whistled a sharp, idle, insane whistle, which was manifestly annoying half a dozen of his fellow passengers. The car suddenly lurched around a curve, and his foot came lightly in contact with my own. He immediately turned, lifted his hat, bowed to me and said, 'I beg your pardon, sir,' and went on whistling. This young man had learned from custom and habit that it was very bad manners not to apologize for even unintentionally jostling another person, but he had not learned that it is very unjust and unkind to others, and therefore bad manners, to torture them with unnecessary noise.—Dr. Girdner, in 'North American Review.'

The Gospel in Corea.

(By Isabella Bird Bishop.)

Just once only in seven and a half years of Asiatic travelling have I seen anything like the triumphs of the gospel in the old days when the sower was also the reaper—and that was in Corea, where the American Presbyterians have a large mission. It was in the west of Corea. In what had been the most wicked city of Corea there is a living church, itself a missionary church, the creation of one year, a church which had erected three church edifices and a number of schools, and was at that moment paying a number of evangelists and catechists out of its own poverty. I was at a whole week of meetings of persons who had come from villages at great distances away to receive instruction in Christianity, they having learned something of the way of God from those who had been scattered abroad at the time of one of the battles between China and Japan. The room was crowded in which these people met night after night. The feeling was something contagious. One felt, if one had never felt it before, that there was a power present which was not of this earth. As I looked upon those faces in which a new light was shining, and as I listened to the prayers which were interpreted to me by one of the missionaries—and to the wonderful stories those people told of the spread of the gospel in their villages, before European teachers had been among them, it was evident that the old gospel, with the truth of the sin of men, and of judgment to come, and of the love and justice of God, and of the atonement of Christ, and of the work of the Holy Spirit, is still as powerful as it ever was—that the gospel is still the power of God to everyone who believeth, and that its transforming power is no less than of old. Some of those people I saw were once notorious for wickedness in that wicked city, but they had been washed and sanctified, and were walking in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, and doing honor to their Christian profession. — 'The Westminster.'

Decide For Christ.

(By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.)

There are two striking stories contained in the same chapter in the New Testament. One is the sad story of the young ruler who came to Jesus, inquiring the way to eternal life. When the Master repeated to him the Commandments, the ruler glibly and confidently replied that he had kept them all! Then Christ — who knew his besetting sin—touched him on the sore spot; he bade him change his much-loved wealth for treasures in heaven, and to 'follow me.' That was the young man's chance. It was now or never. Poor rich man!. He decided against Christ, and went away sorrowful—or 'frowning.'

The other story is of the blind man who hears the shuffling of hundreds of feet crowding the road before him. He is told that Jesus of Nazereth passeth by. At once he bethinks him, Now is my chance. He cries aloud to the passing Saviour for mercy and relief. All attempts to silence his clamours are in vain. He is in dead earnest, and if not healed now he may never be. So he grasps his golden opportunity, throws off his beggar's cloak, springs up, and hastens to Jesus. In five minutes faith has its reward; into his opened eyes pours the flood of light, and he marches along with his Divine Healer, 'glorifying God.'

These two stories stand side by side, as vivid object-lessons to scores of my readers. You are seriously thinking about the most momentous question that can agitate any mind, and that is, shall I make a new departure in Christ? You have the power of choice, for you are a free moral agent. Every true Christian in this world is a Christian because he or she decided to be one. Every impenitent soul is such because he or she prefers, like that foolish young ruler, to say 'No,' to Jesus Christ. If I had the gift of foreknowledge, and I could infallibly announce to you that you will be forever lost, you would not close your eyes to-night. Yet, it is just as certain as that to-morrow's sun will rise, that you will be lost unless you say 'Yes,' with heart and life to him who offers to save you. Decide now; it will be harder to do it to-morrow, and you are not sure that to-morrow will see you in this world. It was 'now or never' with both the young ruler and with blind Bartimeus. You expect to be saved. You intend to be saved. You fully intend that some time or other you shall become a Christian. Your sin against your own soul was procrastination; and your sin against the loving Son of God is that you are refusing him. These two sins will send you to perdition, my friend, if you persist in them.

Then, too, remember that you cannot become a Christian without the help of the Holy Spirit, and that Spirit is now pressing you to accept Jesus Christ. When you feel compunction for sin; whenever you feel that you ought to live a different life; when you have an aspiration towards something higher, nobler, and holier, it is the moving of the loving Spirit on your conscience. Open your bible and read, 'My Spirit shall not always strive.' 'Read again, 'Now is the day of salvation.' Read again, 'Quench not the Holy Spirit.' Heaven grant that you may not read these tender warnings by the light of the judgment scene, and that your eternity may not be haunted by the ghost of a lost opportunity! For, when you reject Christ, you lose not only heaven in the next world, but the best and purest and happiest and most useful life in this world. Even if there were no immortality for your soul, you ought to make the most of this life by becoming what Christ alone can make you.

Already you have decided against Christ more than once. You would not be an unconverted person now if you had not been refusing Jesus Christ up to this hour. 'Behold I stand at the door and knock!' Then you have shut him out of younr heart. You may intend to open the door at some time, but remember that Jesus Christ gives last knocks!

During a season of awakening in Yale College, two young men were awakened at the same time. They both agreed that they would go and call upon one of the professors and ask his counsel. When they reached the professor's gate, one of them, an amiable young man, leaned over the fence and said, 'I believe I won't go in.'

His companion, who had been somewhat wild, replied, 'You can do as you please; but as for myself, I feel that I need all the counsel that a man of experience can give me; I am resolved to go in.' They parted at the gate; and they parted for eternity! The same chance came to both; the one flung it away, the other grasped it. The student who went in and opened his heart to his kind teacher, decided for Christ, and from being a frolicsome youth, became an earnest Christian, and afterwards a successful minister. The other young man quenched the Holy Spirit, became hardened, fell off into vicious ways, went off in after years to the West Indies, and died a miserable inebriate! Human life has its pivot-hours; when decisions reach into eternity. Those two young men made their decision that evening, and Jesus Christ took them at their word. It was the young ruler and beggar Bartimeus all over again. The judgment day will unfold millions of just such decisions as that youth made when he went back to his room and locked Christ out of his heart.

Lay down this paper, and betake yourself to honest prayer. Ask Jesus Christ to let you follow him, and to forgive your past sins, and to give you the transcendent and glorious gift of eternal life. Delay not one hour. Life and death, right and wrong, heaven and hell, are set before you. Decide for Christ! What thou doest, do quickly. If you shut your ears to the voice of that inviting Saviour, and to the voice of your own conscience, you may be deciding to be lost for ever!

'Too late! too late! will be your cry,
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by!'

—'The Christian.'

A Little Thing.

Punctuality in keeping engagements and carefulness about being at church and other meetings at the time appointed, seems to many people too small a matter to be mentioned or heeded. But one can rarely in this world give a great deal of pleasure at once, or keep a friend from a large sorrow. He who remembers this will not despise the conferring of small gratifications and the delivering from small annoyances. The man who has kept a half-dozen people waiting by his thoughtlessness or his preference for his own convenience has perceptibly diminished the amount of happiness around him that day. So has he who disturbs a minister and congregation by his needless tardiness. It makes a large difference in the course of a life. The selfish habit of mind which the practice engenders and exhibits is also an evil thing to be deplored and fought against. —'Zion's Herald.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Love or Duty — Which?

('Silver Link.')

Reading was one of Lettie Goodwin's favorite occupations, and at the time of my story she had been giving her whole attention to a book for nearly two hours, copying from it some of the most interesting paragraphs. Suddenly it occurred to her that there were other things which it was her duty to attend to.

'I wish there wasn't such a thing as duty,' she said, as she reluctantly laid down her pen and closed the book. 'It's always interfering with things you want to do. I must go to see Aunt Jane, and be pleasant to her, no matter how cross she is, because it is my duty. I must treat Aunt Frank just as well as I do Lina Grant, because it is my duty. I must go where I don't like to go, and do things I dislike to do, because duty compels me.'

LETTIE COPIED SOME OF THE MOST INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS

Grandfather West looked at the dissatisfied face of his granddaughter, and said:

'Under the circumstances, I don't know that I dare ask you to do something for me.'

'Why, grandpa,' said Lettie, springing up, 'you know I like to do things for you, what is it you want.'

'I'd like to go down to your father's office, but since I've got so unsteady on my feet your mother doesn't like me to walk about alone. Would you mind going 'round that way as you go to Aunt Jane's.'

'Of course I'll go. Just wait till I get my hat,' and Lettie ran upstairs, returning soon, ready for the walk.

They were obliged to go slowly, as Grandpa West was quite lame, but Lettie did not seem to mind. They stopped often to admire the flowers in the yards, and finally, in front of a small cottage, Lettie gave an exclamation of delight as she saw at one side a long stretch of morning-glory vines full of pink, white, and blue blossoms. She could not see what they were trained on; as she faced them; she could see only the high green wall and the beautiful, dainty, nodding flowers.

'We haven't been this way since last spring,' said her grandfather. 'Do you remember seeing Mr. Grant putting in the seeds alongside of the old shed that used to be such an eyesore? The owners wouldn't remove the old building, and it is right within range of his sister's windows. She is an invalid, and it was very unpleasant to sit and look out upon the bare, weatherbeaten boards, and, finding that the shed must remain, Mr. Grant said to his sister, "We'll cover the ugliness with glory."'

'That's just what he has done,' said Lettie; 'you can't see a bit of the old shed; you'd never know it was there.'

'Still it is there, and were it not for the solid, substantial background, the vines would not raise themselves heavenward, and show the full glory of their blossoms.'

As they stood looking at the beautiful wall, the old man laid a hand on the girl's shoulder, saying:

'Lettie, dear, duty sometimes looks stern and compelling, but it need not be so. We may plant the seeds of cheerful obedience, faith and love, and the good Father will help to make them grow, so that in time the stern and disagreeable duty may become a glorious privilege.

'You do things gladly for me because you love me; cannot you learn to love Aunt Jane and others with whom you come in contact?'

When they left the office, Lettie left her grandfather and went on down the street to the little house where Aunt Jane lived. She thought of the 'glory wall,' and wondered if what grandpa said about duty could be true. Could she ever learn to love any one so hard and unlovable as Aunt Jane?

As she went up the path to the door she saw her aunt sitting by the window sewing. In answer to her knock came a curt 'Come in.'

Following an impulse which was the outgrowth of her gandfather's talk, she went to her aunt's side, and, kissing her, laid in her lap a beautiful rose which she had been carrying.

'Why, Lettie, child!' said Miss Jane, surprised out of her usual sternness.

'Isn't it a beauty?' said Lettie, following up the advantage she had gained; and then she went on to tell of her walk, and the flowers, and gave a description of the morning-glory wall.

Aunt Jane's hard face softened, and she told Lettie of the morning-glories she used to see over the porch at her old home in New England; and the girl, listening to the stories told by this gray-haired woman, of the time when she too had been young and full of hope, forgot that this was a duty call and was surprised to hear the little clock strike the hour of eleven. She started up, saying:

'I didn't mean to stay so long. I must hurry now, for grandpa will be waiting for me to take him back to dinner.'

When she reached the office and found the old man watching for her, she raised a beaming face to his and said, 'I've started my glory-wall. I've planted the first seeds.'

Two Ways to Economize.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Baker, with the air of one deciding a very important question, 'it is evident we must economize somewhere.'

Her husband looked up from the paper on which he had made out a bill of their expenses for the year, and said, 'It is astonishing the amount of money we have spent. If it hadn't been for that little sum that Aunt Becky left me, I guess I would have come out behind.'

Here Mr. Baker stopped again and looked over each item on the list.

'It does seem as though we might cut down a little,' he continued. 'Now, for instance, you've paid seventy-five dollars for a winter wrap, when a cheaper one would—'

'Don't mention such a thing,' interrupted Mrs. Baker, 'for you know it would never do for me to wear anything but the very best. Everybody in town knows what I pay for my wraps and dresses, and if Mrs. Baker were to get anything cheap she would be

looked down upon at once. No, no; it will never do to begin there.'

Mr. Baker winced a little at this, but made no reply. He knew that it was useless to argue the matter with his wife, so he took up the next item on the list, with but little hope of having any better success with that one than with the first.

'Well,' he said, scowling a little, 'you've spent enough on dinners, receptions, teas and the like, to keep a good sized family for a year. And here's our trip to the seashore last summer. We did pay most ridiculously at that hotel, and we were not a bit cooler than we should have been at father's house up among the hills. Seems to me we might manage to keep cool a little cheaper next summer,' and as Mr. Baker finished speaking he looked cautiously at his wife, to see how she liked the suggestion he had just made. It was plain to be seen that it did not meet with her approval. There was a sarcastic smile on her face, and curling her lips rather scornfully, she said:

'It is impossible to cut down in our entertaining, for Helen will be in society this winter, and that means more parties than ever. And as to our summer tour' — here Mrs. Baker paused a while before she added: 'Well, what would the Stones, and the Gregorys, and the Bartons think if we were to go to a little pokey country place, instead of a fashionable seaside resort?

'I don't see what we are to do. It seems impossible to economize anywhere.'

'Reckon we'll just go on the we've been doing. The more we make, the more we'll spend.'

'Is there nothing more?' she queried 'Have you gone over all the items on the list?'

'N-no,' said Mr. Baker hesitatingly, 'here's one yet, "Church and charity—two hundred and fifty dollars." But,' he added quickly, 'If we can't cut down in our gratification of pride and vanity, we shall certainly not begin in what we give to carry on the Lord's work.'

'Dear me!' exclaimed Mrs. Baker, with a toss of her head, 'you're wonderfully conscientious. Much more so than I am, I can assure you. Now we can cut that down one-half or more just as well as not and still keep up appearances before the world.

'Well, now that you are so anxious to economize along that line, I suppose you'll withdraw from the "New Woman Club," "Eastern Star," and all other clubs and lodges that you're into, eh?'

Mrs. Baker's face grew very red, and, after some hesitation, she managed to say: 'W-why, no; I—I guess I can't give them up. They're different, you know. Society has too many demands upon me for me to attempt to keep up with all the lines of church work. And we have too many obligations to meet to spend money foolishly for missions and a dozen other things. We can and will dispense with them next year.'

'I suppose it's just as you say,' said Mr. Baker meekly, and thus the subject was dropped. Mrs. Baker had the satisfaction of knowing that she had won the day, as she nearly always did on such occasions.

The Bakers were the leading people in Dalton. Mr. Baker owned the largest retail house in the city, and his home was the finest, and situated on one of the most fashionable streets. He was a plain matter-of-fact business man, country born and country bred, and very simple in his tastes. His wife was exactly his opposite. She loved society and was the acknowledged leader in Dalton. Mrs. James Baker was quoted everywhere. Invitations to her parties were eagerly sought after, and her bonnets and gowns were copied by her less fortunate sisters. She was identified with every club and society worthy of mention. She even affected a little of the religious, but that great lady would affect anything that might help her along in the world.

Far away from the stately Baker mansion, in a back street, was an old tenement house. In the third story lived a widow, Mrs. Hardin, and her two children, Frank and Edith. A year before, when the husband and father died, they left their country home and came to the city to make their way in the world as best they could. Frank now had a good position in Mr. Baker's store, and Mrs. Hardin did plain sewing, while Edith went to school. On the evening of which we are writing they were all gathered around the supper table in the cozy little kitchen, recounting the varied experiences of the day.

This led them to discuss their own expenses, and to make plans for the future.

It will be necessary for us to be economical until we get fairly started,' Mrs. Hardin was saying. 'Frank and I have work all the time, but now that winter is here our expenses will be heavier than they have been. There are so many things we need, and then our church—'

'That just reminds me,' interrupted Edith, 'that Mr. Jackson asked me to-day what we thought we could do for the church next year. I told him we hadn't talked the matter over, but I was afraid we couldn't do very much. Oh, yes,' she added, 'I came by Eldon's this evening, and they are still saving that jacket for me. It is a beauty.'

'If we have to economize, it shall not be in our contributions to the Lord's work,' said Mrs. Hardin, very decidedly, 'No one enjoys the church and its privileges more than we do, and I have been thinking that we ought to try to do more next year than ever before. God has been good to us in so many ways, and I feel that we ought to make him a thank-offering for one blessing in particular—our dear boy's conversion,' and there was a world of love and tenderness written on that mother's face, as she glanced at the manly boy at her side who had but recently come into the kingdom.

Edith looked very sober after what her mother had said. She had all a girl's love for pretty things, and had set her heart on having a jacket that was displayed in one of the shop windows. Her mother had finally consented to get it for her, although at the same time Edith knew that it was entirely too high in price for her slender purse.

'Mother,' she finally said, 'I want to give something to that thank-offering and I—I guess I'll not get that expensive jacket, but take a cheaper one. It will be just as warm, and then the five dollars difference will help your fund considerably.'

'You are a dear, good girl, Edith,' said Mrs. Hardin, tears of joy shining in her eyes. 'I knew you would make a little sacrifice for his sake. I had intended to get a new bonnet and shawl, but I can do without them. My bonnet will do another winter and my shawl is good and warm even if it is a little faded.'

'I had about half promised the boys to join one of their clubs,' Frank began, 'but I will not do it now. I'll give you what I would have to pay to become a member.'

Thus they went on with their planning, and they found that by saving a little here and a little there that they could give quite a sum to the cause they loved so well.

The good church people were astonished when they learned that the Bakers, who were looked upon as the wealthiest members of the congregation, would give comparatively nothing to the support of the church the coming year. There were rumors of a failure in business, but they soon discovered that these were false. They could dress as well, ride in as fine carriages and give just as many grand parties.

Why the Bakers gave so little was a great mystery as was also the fact that the poor widow could give so much. But the mystery of Mrs. Hardin's giving was soon solved. Sunday after Sunday she came to church wearing the same dingy bonnet and faded shawl, while Edith wore a very plain jacket. Their dress was very distasteful to the fashionable Mrs. Baker in her rich silk and costly furs. One day as she and her husband were going home from church she remarked that 'she paid Mrs. Hardin enough for her sewing for her to dress better than she did.'

'Perhaps you do,' said Mr. Baker, quietly; 'but I know enough about Mrs. Hardin to know that she loves Christ better than self.

A few weeks afterward, when the minister took up the mission collection, Mrs. Hardin gave him twenty-five dollars, which she explained was 'a thank-offering for the conversion of her son, with the prayer that it might be the means of rescuing one of his lost ones.'

When the minister thought of Mrs. Baker, who had grudgingly given him a dollar, his face hardened a little; but there was a kindly light in his eyes each time he thought of the poor widow's gift and the sacrifice it cost her to make it.

'Surely,' he said, 'it is like unto the alabaster box broken upon the head of Christ.'—Bertha H. Corn, in 'Christian Standard.'

A Day of Whole Things.

(Mary E. Mitchell.)

If you can sit down just a moment till I finish the button-holes, then you can take the jacket, Miss Florence; there, right by the window! That barrel-chair ain't so uncomfortable as it looks. I'm real mortified you should have to wait when I promised it the first thing, but you see, little Bennie Holden is very low and I sat up with him the most of the night, and I suppose I slept too long when I lay down in the morning.'

'It's a shame for you to do a stitch!' exclaimed Florence, impulsively, as she noticed the red, tired eyes, and pale face. 'Ted doesn't really need the jacket to-day.'

'It's good of you to say that; but if it ain't the jacket, it's something else; I cannot afford to lose a whole day.' Miss Ferry's needle flew in and out of the fine blue cloth. 'Your little brother'll look real nice in this suit; he's a handsome boy, anyway,' she said.

'How do you like my new gown, Miss Ferry?'

Miss Ferry looked at the girl. The brown hair waved about the soft face; the dark eyes sparkled with happy young life, and cheeks glowed with healthful color. The new dress was simple, dainty, and perfectly adapted to the girlish figure.

'It's sweet ?' said Miss Ferry, 'It looks just like you.'

Florence laughed. 'Do you know, that is a very pretty compliment?' she said.

'I suppose, now, it's new—all new—not made over or anything?' asked the little seamstress.'

'Why, yes,' replied Florence, amused at the question. 'Why do you ask?'

'Nothing; only I was thinking how nice that must be. I never had a new dress in my life.'

Florence stared at the small, thin figure.

'What do you mean?' she said.

'Just that, dear. I never had a whole new dress in my life.'

'I never heard of such a thing!' gasped the girl.

'Very likely not, Miss Florence. Your pa is a rich man and you're his only daughter. There were eleven of us counting the boys, and little enough to feed and clothe us on.

Six girls, and I the youngest. Dresses were handed down from one to another till they were all worn out. My gowns were mostly made of two or three put together. The children used to call me "Patchwork Quilt."'

'I remember one dress in particular,' she went on smilingly. 'I can see just how it looked. The skirt was stripes, the waist was in spots, and the sleeves were kind of flowered all over. You see it was made out of Ellen's, and Jane's, and Sarah's. Mother was real proud of having made me so neat and comfortable, but I was just mean enough to be ashamed. It makes me feel sorry when I think how hard mother worked for us, and we not half appreciating it.'

'Didn't they ever buy you anything new?' exclaimed Florence. 'I think they were unkind.'

'No, no, dear child! You don't understand. There wasn't much money to spend on clothes, I can tell you. I remember one apron—'tires,' we called them — that was bought on purpose for me, and I was proud as Punch till it was made up. It was real pretty, white with a narrow blue stripe, but being a remnant there wasn't enough to get it all out. So mother put it on a yoke made of a piece of an old dress of hers—dark brown calico with a yellow figure. Somehow they didn't go together very well.

'But since you've grown up, Miss Ferry, you must have had new dresses.'

'No, Miss Florence, never. I'm forty years old, and I've never had a new dress. Jane got married, and so did Sarah. Well, Sarah died and left me all her clothes. Her husband was pretty well off, and there was some real good things amongst them. Then the other three died here at home, and of course, I got all their things, except what I gave to Jane. Jane has a hard time; her husband's a dreadful ailing man. Well, I've been wearing out the clothes ever since, and they ain't all worn out yet.

'It's been lucky for me getting all those clothes—me having so much sickness and not being able to earn right along. But once in a time I get real ungrateful, and think it would be kind of nice to get something new all over—not any scraps of piecings. There, you must think I'm awful complaining!'

'Complaining, Miss Ferry! But why don't you buy yourself a real pretty dress without waiting to use up all those old things?'

'No, dear,' said Miss Ferry, gently. 'I need the money for — other things. There is bonnets, too,' resumed the little woman, biting off a needleful of twist. 'I guess there are enough bonnets and trimmings to get me through my natural life.'

'Sometimes I think most everything in this world is a patch or a make-over,' she proceeded. 'If it ain't done-over meat it's warmed-over potatoes, and if it ain't them it's a little mess of beans and a dab of hash to be got out of the way together. There's always leaving's-over! I don't even work at anything real good and steady. Sometimes its mending and sometimes it's nursing, and again its button-holes. But it's always something, thank the Lord! Leavings-overs are a heap sight better than fallings-short!'

'Miss Ferry, you said you couldn't afford to lose a whole day's work. Don't you ever take a holiday?'

'Bless you, Miss Florence! I don't remember ever being idle a day. I was going to, though; I was going to the Baptist picnic last week. You know they went to Oak Grove, a real sightly place, they tell me, and right by the lake. I got all ready, and if Mrs. White didn't go and sprain her ankle!'

'Why did that keep you ? She has a daughter, hasn't she?'

'Oh, yes, but Rose is young, and, of course, wanted her good time. I saw she was terribly disappointed, so I said, "I'll stay with your mother, Rose," and you never saw anybody more tickled. There, Miss Florence, there's the jacket, and tell your ma I hope it will suit. It's been a real refreshment to see you, and I hope you won't think I'm cross and ungrateful complaining as I have!'

Florence stooped over the little woman with a sudden impulse. 'There's a whole kiss, all for yourself,' she said.

Miss Ferry's thin cheek flushed under the unwonted caress. 'Bless her kind heart!' she said, as she watched the girl's light figure go down the path. 'I declare I'm fairly ashamed of having run on so about myself. It was real grumbling. I don't believe I'd have done it if I hadn't been so worn out sitting up, and then being disappointed about that Henrietta. Well, Jane needs the money more than I do the dress—poor girl.

Florence Heath walked slowly along the elm-shaded street thinking of Miss Ferry. The sun was high and hot, and the road dusty. Colonel Heath's lawn stretched smooth and inviting. As Florence turned toward the house, one of her little brothers came rattling down the broad drive in his shining cart behind his pony.

The big mansion which stood back on the top of the slope looked cool and restful with its wide piazzas and gay awnings.

'Never anything new or whole, and I never have anything else!' thought the girl.

Florence found her mother on one of the piazzas, swinging to and fro in a willow chair.

'What is it, dear? You look tired. It was too warm a walk for you. You should have let James drive you down.'

'Mamma, I have everything and Miss Ferry has nothing. Why is it?' said Florence, as she threw herself into a hammock.

'That's a pretty hard question to answer all at once,' responded Mrs. Heath with a smile. 'Tell me about it, dear.'

Florence told her story. 'I don't think I ever knew,' she concluded, 'just the difference there is between my life and some other people's. Oh, I suppose I knew, but I never saw it so clearly. It doesn't seem right at all!'

Mrs. Heath watched her daughter's face. 'One can always share,' she suggested.

Florence was silent a moment, then she said: 'I'd like to give Miss Ferry one good, whole day!'

'Miss Ferry might have whole things if she didn't share, Florence. She has a shiftless sort of a sister in Greenville whom she helps a great deal. I suspect most of her earnings go there. She helped those poor Larkinses and made clothes for the children, and she is always going where there is sickness. I don't know of any one who does so much good in a quiet way and with so little means, as Miss Ferry.'

Florence sprang out of the hammock, scattering the soft pillows right and left, went over to her mother and kissed her.

'I think I'll try a little of the sharing business myself!' she said, and went into the house.

* * * * * * *

The phoebe-bird uttered its plaintive note in the horse-chestnut tree close to the window, and woke Miss Ferry from a sound morning nap.

'Five o'clock!' she exclaimed, as she looked at the loud-ticking timepiece which adorned her mantel-shelf. 'I'm getting a dreadful habit of sleeping late. It's mortal lazy, and a shameful waste of time, but somehow I ain't so spry as I used to be.'

She flung open the green blinds and let in the radiance of the early morning. The sun had risen in a blue and cloudless sky. The feathery tree-tops stirred in the gentle breeze, and flower-scents and bird-voices filled the air. It was just the morning to fill one's heart with a pleasant premonition of coming good.

'I feel as if something nice was goin' to happen!' said Miss Ferry to herself, as she looked into the beautiful, fresh world. 'But there! What am I thinking of!' It'll be button-holes, or maybe Jane'll want me to tend Willie through one of his colic spells!'

Breakfast over, Miss Ferry sat down in her little sewing-chair and took up her work; but, for some reason, the needle would not go, and her thoughts would wander far from the little garment she was fashioning.

She was gazing at the swaying elm-tops, and her work had fallen from her hands, when a rousing rap at the door startled her into the consciousness of the present.

What's come?' she exclaimed, springing up, to find that it was only Colonel Heath's coachman with a bundle.

'The work Mrs. Heath promised me,' thought Miss Fearry as she laid the big parcel on the old lounge. 'I don't believe I'll open it now; somehow I don't want to see more work to-day.'

In a moment, however, she changed her mind. 'Mrs. Heath's real good to me, maybe it's something she wants done right up'; and she proceeded to undo the numerous wrappings.

'Seems to me it's done up might careful for just being sent down here. What is it anyway?' she said aloud, as she took off the cover of the long pasteboard box and unfolded a pretty dark blue dress, all made and finished.

'Something Miss Florence wants altered, I guess. 'It's too small for Mrs. Heath. Here's the directions,' she continued as an envelope fell from the folds of the skirt.

As she read her thin face flushed and she laid the note down with a gasp. 'Oh, I can't! After all I've said to her!' she whispered. Then she read it again.

Dear Miss Ferry,—I was in the city yesterday, and saw this dress which made me think of you. I thought that as you were so busy taking stitches for other people, perhaps it might be a little help to have something all made up, and I think it will fit you. Will you accept it with my love ! Please don't mind my sending it, dear Miss Ferry, for you share so much with others you must let others share with you sometimes.

Mamma wishes me to ask you if you will come and spend this beautiful day with us. We are going to drive in the afternoon to Pine Point, and it will give us so much pleasure to have you with us. Please come and wear the new dress. James will call for you at eleven. Yours very truly,

FLORENCE W. HEATH.

'The good Lord bless her!' said Miss Ferry, with a little sob. 'It seems as if I couldn't take so much from anyone, but it would be downright ungrateful not to.' And then the joy of possession entered her soul.

She examined the dress with the appreciation of a skilled seamstress. 'Just see those silk facings; and it's finished elegantly. I never expected to live to see this day. And after all my complaining too! I ain't deserving! I ain't deserving!' But, oh, even Miss Florence can't know what it means to me to have a new dress!'

Promptly at eleven, James, impressive in dark blue livery and shining buttons, helped the fluttering little woman, in her trim new suit, into the soft-cushioned carriage.

I am not going to describe the welcome Miss Ferry received at the Heath's, nor the long day of delight she passed in that beautiful home

It is nedless to say that the dainty lunch bore no suggestions of being warmed over, and that beans and hash played no part in the elaborate dinner, like unto none that Miss Ferry had ever before tasted. It was such a satisfaction to rise from the table with a feeling of luxurious leisure! Not even her kind hostess could appreciate what it meant to the little woman to leave the dining-room with no thought of unwashed dishes on her mind.

After lunch came the drive. The roomy victoria rolled over the roads with delightful ease, and the sleek horses that tossed their heads and shook their glossy manes, bore their load along at a pace that was pleasure to their well-exercised limbs. They drove through pleasant wood roads, and the fragrant breath of the pines was like balm to Miss Ferry's tired lungs. They drove by the beach-bordered bay, and the sea sparkled and danced before them.

It seemed to Miss Ferry that the out-of-door world was never so bright and fresh and clear as it was that afternoon. She lay back in rapt enjoyment, abandoning herself to the present, knowing that seams would be less monotonous and buttonholes not so much a nightmare when lightened by the memories of that drive.

When the long day was over, and Miss Ferry bade the Heaths good-bye, she tried to make plain a little of her gratitude.

'It's the first day of whole things I ever had,' said she. 'You can't guess what that means to me, who haven't had anything but pieces and patches before'; and then she was driven away, smiling through happy tears.

'Well,' said Florence, standing out in the moonlight and watching the carriage roll slowly down the drive, 'what fun it was! I thought I was the one who was to do the giving, but I declare, I've got lots more than I've given. It's been a day of whole things. 'Youth's Companion.'

The Builder of the Eddystone Lighthouse.

('Child's Companion.')

If any boy lucky enough to have a holiday down in South Devonshire, at Plymouth, goes wandering along the Hoe, among the sailor-folk, gazing at the ironclads floating like castles on the water, thinking of the time when Drake and Hawkins gathered together the ships of England to meet the mighty Spanish Armada, he will see there a great tower-like structure, and will ask, perhaps, if it is a monument.

It is a monument to the skill of a great engineer, for it is the old Eddystone lighthouse, which, after braving the storm and the stress of the ocean for more than a hundred years out on the Eddystone rock, was taken down, and re-erected on the Hoe, not because of any failure in itself, but because there was danger that it might fall through the giving way of the foundation rock on which it had been built.

There it stands now as a monument to its builder and designer, John Smeaton, an example of good work done.

It required a man possessed of no ordinary engineering skill and tenacity of purpose to succeed in such an undertaking as the building of a lighthouse on the Eddystone reef, which, lying in a sloping manner towards the south-west, and being barely uncovered by the water at low tide, is in stormy weather exposed to the full force of the waves, which dash up the slope and break over the crest with awful strength and violence.

Two lighthouses had been erected there before, one by Mr. Henry Winstanley, in 1700, which stood but for three years, for in 1703 a storm of great fury arose, and on the night of Nov. 26, the lighthouse was completely swept away, carrying with it its builder, who happened to be there superintending some repairs.

Another was built by John Rudyard, a London mercer, who kept a silk shop on Ludgate Hill. This was also built of wood, finished in 1709, and destroyed by fire in 1755.

Smeaton's lighthouse was built of stone, and we read of the difficulty that he had in making his foundations and completing his work. On one occasion the small vessel that carried him and his workmen to the rock was driven down the Channel by a storm, and could not return to Plymouth for more than four days; but still the work was completed, the designer always being the first to undertake any especially dangerous piece of work, he being not only a designer but a practical workman as well.

Like most great and successful men, Smeaton from his earliest childhood showed a decided inclination for the career in which he afterwards became famous. He was not much given to the usual boyish sports, but displayed a thoughtfulness beyond his years, never being so happy as when he could become possessed of some cutting tool.

This, however, is not uncommon with boys; but Smeaton, instead of immediately proceeding to destroy something, or seriously to damage himself, would commence to make little models of windmills, engines, or pumps. The only playthings in which he seemed to take any real pleasure were models of contrivances that would work.

Once he caused considerable anxiety to his parents by climbing to the top of his father's barn, and there fixing a small windmill. On another occasion he made a pump that raised water, having learned how to do this by watching some workmen who were fixing a pump in the village, and having begged from them a piece of bored wood for the pump-tree.

Smiles, in his 'Lives of the Engineers,' says: 'Indeed, his mechanical ingenuity sometimes led him to play tricks which involved him in trouble. Thus it happened that some mechanics came into the neighborhood to erect a 'fire-engine,' as the steam-engine was then called, for the purpose of pumping water from the Gasforth coal-mines, and Smeaton made daily visits to them for the purpose of watching their operations. Carefully observing their methods, he proceeded to make a miniature engine at home, provided with pumps and other apparatus, and he even succeeded in getting it set to work before the colliery engine was ready.

He first tried its power upon one of the fish-ponds in front of the house at Austhorpe, which he succeeded in pumping completely dry, and thereby killing all the fish in the pond, very much to the surprise as well as the annoyance of his father.'

YOUNG SMEATON AT WORK ON A WATER PUMP.

His father, however, noticing the decided bent of the boy's mind, provided him with a workshop, in which he could hammer and chisel to his heart's content. In this he carried on by himself a technical instruction class, there being in those days no technical schools, nor schools of art, crafts such as the fortunate boys of the present time can attend in any of our large towns and many of our country districts.

Before he was fifteen years old he had made, among other things, a turning lathe, turning on this, in wood and iron, presents

for his boyish friends—little boxes and ornaments.

Afterwards he learnt to work in metal, studying the different processes of softening, annealing and soldering, thus in his early days showing that earnestness in study and directness of purpose which afterwards enabled him to gain so eminent a position amongst the famous engineers of his country.

Why Did You Not Tell me Sooner?

(By Belle V. Chisholm.)

Robert Fulton lay on his death bed. All the years of his young manhood had been devoted to business and pleasure. He had served the world well, but now in this supreme hour of his existence it could bring him no comfort, no ease from racking pain.

'He has but one chance in a hundred — scarcely one. He may live two or three days —a week—but is liable to drop off at any moment. If he has any business to attend to, he had better settle it at once.'

This information the doctor imparted to the sick man's brother Walter, after leaving his patient's bedside.

'Any business to be settled,' replied Walter sadly, after the doctor's departure. 'Poor Bob! I am afraid he has the most important business of his life to transact yet — a business, too, that should not be crowded into a few hours or days for settlement.'

Tarrying a moment at the sick chamber door to gain control of his feelings, Walter went in to break the sad tidings to his waiting brother.

'Well!' exclaimed Robert inquiringly, as he gave his brother a searching look.

'Poor brother! I fear your case is really desperate,' Walter began, making an effort to keep the quiver out of his voice. 'The doctor says you have only one chance in a hundred; that your time may be very short, perhaps only a few hours or days.'

Receiving only a startled look for answer, he resumed.

'You have a very important work to perform now, Robert. Are you prepared for death?'

'No, I am not,' answered Robert in a frightened voice. 'No, no, I was certain I should recover. No, I am not prepared to die; but if there is really no hope, if I must go, I want to get ready, I am prepared for living, for almost any other emergency, but oh! not for death! not for death!'

Pausing a moment for breath, he went on eagerly:

'If I must die, Walter, tell me in the plainest words you can command, just what I must do to be saved. Make it plain, brother — plain enough for a child to understand. Remember I am dying, and unprepared—unprepared for an eternity of living. Oh, brother, I have forgotten the way—forgotten the lessons we learned together at our mother's knees.'

Fastening his eyes on his brother's face. Robert listened with intense interest to the old, but ever new, sweet story of redeeming love, and his pressing duty of immediate acceptance of the salvation so freely offered. Then, in a voice trembling with emotion, he asked:

'Why did you never talk this way to me before? Why did you, a Christian brother, allow me to come to this hour—this dying hour—unwarned, unprepared?'

'Oh, Robert, I have often longed to plead with you to come to Jesus, but a cowardly fear kept me from the performance of my duty,' answered Walter. 'I cannot tell you how much I now regret my cowardice. If I only had my life to live over again, one year of it, or even a single month of the past, I would not neglect you or others dear to me as I have done.'

'I wish you had come to me with this message months ago, in the days before my weakness made a child of me for the second time,' said Robert.

'Perhaps I would have resented it; perhaps then as now, I would have insisted upon waiting until I was sure of having to leave my earthly business before making preparations for the long, long journey heavenward. But, Walter, never let another friend come to this hour without having sounded the note of warning. A death bed is no place to bring the work of a lifetime. Tell the boys, everywhere, from me, not to allow the business and pleasures of life to crowd out the more important work of preparing for eternity. I must leave all behind now, and go out alone into the great beyond.'

'Not alone, brother, if Jesus goes with you,' said Walter, tenderly.

'I hope he will, Walter; but, oh! I am not sure—I am not sure. It seems that I know so little of his love, I am a stranger to him.'

'Cling, cling to him with all your strength,' pleaded Walter. 'Remember that he is able to keep you—able to save to the uttermost.'

'Oh, yes; but the weakness is mine, and the time is so short,' returned Robert. 'Tell others—tell them in time. I hope, but, oh! how can I know I am in earnest? I am not sure, and a whole eternity hangs on my sincerity. Tell the boys—Christ first: afterwards, business, pleasure—Christ first.'—'The Lutheran Observer.'

Gave up his Place for Christ's Sake.

A bright, open-faced boy, whom we know, applied for a place in a business house some two or three years ago. He looked so good and so true that, although there was no pressing need for him in the store, the proprietor decided to try to make a place for him. With that end in view he began to enquire into his past.

'Where did you last work?' was the question asked. The boy gave the name of a prominent business house, and when asked why he left, said, 'I would prefer not to answer, but I left for what I think was a good reason.'

'Well,' said the merchant, 'I do not see that I can take you, as you have no references.'

'Oh, yes,' was the reply, 'I have references; I have one in my pocket now from the firm I have been with.' It read something like this: 'To whom it may concern; We heartily recommend the bearer, ——, as a young man of high ability, good habits, and as being thoroughly industrious and competent. He leaves of his own accord, foolishly, we think, although we have nothing whatever, to say against him, and have allowed him to give our name as reference.'

'Well,' said the merchant, 'are you willing I should go and inquire about you of your former employer?' The boy looked him steadily in the eye and said, 'Yes, sir.' 'All right'; said the merchant, 'you can call on me the day after to-morrow.' As soon as the boy was out of the office this man decided to at once find out the reason why such a bright, honest-looking boy should be out of work after having been connected with such a large and prosperous concern and being able to command so high a recommendation from them. On going to this place of business he showed the letter the boy had given him and asked for an explanation. The reply was, 'We meant just what we said in that letter. He is the best boy we ever had, and is well qualified for almost any position in the store.'

'Then why did you let him go?' was asked.

'Simply because we at certain times want our clerks to work on Sunday; we had no thought that he would not be willing to do so, and told him among the rest that he would be required to work at least half the day last Sunday. All the rest cheerfully acquiesced, as we supposed they would, but this boy said he could not do it. When asked why he could not do it, he said it was because he did not think Christ would want him to. We urged him, but to no purpose. He was well liked all through the store, and one after another talked with him and even coaxed him to promise to come, but nothing could change his mind. For the sake of the discipline and the effect on the others we then had to tell him at once that he was discharged. We wrote a line to his mother who we knew was entirely dependent on what he earned. We received a very courteous letter from her, full of appreciation of our kindness to the boy while he was here, but she positively declined to have the boy work on Sunday. Although he was worth any two boys in the store we had to let him go. You see we are sometimes obliged to work on Sunday in order to keep up with the work. But if you want a good boy, that's the boy to get; for you can't find a better.'

This was enough for the merchant who made the inquiry. When the boy came the following morning he was promptly given a position, and he has steadily grown in the estimation of his employer ever since. Not only that, but his Christian life has grown. He is growing up a strong, earnest, active Christian. God has honored his loyalty to the Sabbath day and to the Christ whom he has chosen as his Master.—'Union Gospel News.'

Correspondence

Dear Children,—Your editor is wondering where you all are this summer, and why you don't write more letters. Surely some of you are having jolly times in your holidays, and would like to tell us all about it. Don't be afraid of making your letter too long if you have something interesting to say. We have to-day a letter from a little girl in India. Her father is a missionary, and writes to us to thank somebody, he doesn't know who it is, who sends him a package of 'Messengers' every week. He says they are enjoyed by the W. C. T. U. in Ootacamund, and also given to people in the Hospital and Workhouse. Isn't it nice to hear that Christian women in India have temperance unions just as they have in this country? You will notice that Elsie's letter is written like a little story, and tells how people go up the Niligiri Ghauts, mountains in the south of India, to Ootacamund, which is seven thousand feet above the plains. She does not tell us what kind of a cart a tonga is; but she seems to have enjoyed her long ride very much.

A JOURNEY TO THE NILIGIRI GHAUTS.

'Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air.'

—Tennyson.

'My, how hot it is!' Yes, that is generally the greeting Mettupalaym gets in the hot weather. But the question is, shall we go up the Ghauts, to Ootacamund, by tonga or bullock-cart? If by bullock-cart we start at half-past three or four o'clock this evening and jog along till we reach Ooty at a time varying between eight and eleven o'clock in the morning, and some do not like sleeping in a cart. On the other hand, if we go by tonga, we are carried up the thirty miles in three or four hours, with rattle and bang enough. 'The sooner we get to Ooty, the better; the sun is roasting me,' is all you can say. 'Then we go by tonga; ah, here is our man!' 'See, for how much can you take us up the Ghauts by tonga?' Then ensues a lot of bargaining. At last all is settled. Then comes the question, "What time do you start?' 'In about half an hour,' says the stout, business-like native you have been addressing, pulling out a huge silver watch. 'When it gets hot enough,' you mutter to yourself in a disgusted undertone. But it is not so bad after all, you can at least have breakfast and a rest before you start. How refreshing the breakfast-room is after the glare and the heat of the platform. You order breakfast and a glass of iced lemonade and prepare to enjoy yourself. When you have almost finished the 'tonga-man' puts his head in at the door and announces that the tonga is ready to start. You jump up and in a minute are ready to be off. Off the horses go at a half-trot, half-gallop, up the sloping road that twists and winds to Cornoor and thence to Ooty, farther and farther behind we leave the bamboos and palm trees. A sort of freshness steals into the air and the horses stop. This is the first changing-place of horses. Gradually the scenery grows grander. Hills rise up grandly, their tops and sides encased in mist. Water-falls, like silver threads in the distance, fall down rocky precipices; streams trickle refreshingly through banks of ferns and moss, and you are chiefly engaged in watching the scenery and strings of carts and men till you reach Cornoor. Now you are looking out for Kaity valley. The tonga driver does not share your interest in Kaity. He drives just as fast as ever, but still you have just as long a time as you need; although, not as you want. So the talk is generally about Kaity till you arrive in Ooty, where you are as cool as you want. Now you have had your journey up the Ghauts, and you are likely to remember it for many a day.

ELSIE R. McL., age ten.

Rollo Won His Home.

Reggie North's last morning at the old home had dawned, and the little boy awoke from a troubled sleep only to realise that this was the day that he must say 'Good-bye' to all the happy surroundings he had known since his babyhood. Reggie was an orphan, having lost his father, Captain North, only a few sad days before. Of his mother he had no recollection, for she died in his infancy, and little wonder that he felt forlorn and sad. He was left to the guardianship of an uncle, of whom he knew but little, and in his care he was to remain until he came of an age to enter upon the property which his father had left in trust for him.

On this sad morning Reggie was sitting up in his little bed with the tears coursing down his pale cheeks. Suddenly the door opened and his old nurse entered the room. She loved the child dearly, and was grieved to see his distress.

'Come, come, my hearty, you mustn't cry like this,' she said, tenderly. 'You'll be happy enough in your new home when you get used to it.'

'Oh! Nurse, I am so lonely now that father has gone away,' said the boy, brokenly.

At this moment the door was pushed wide open without ceremony and a pair of very dark brown eyes peeped into the room.

'Oh! Rollo, my own dear old doggie, you must come with me,' cried the boy excitedly, 'I cannot leave you behind,' he added, as Rollo wagged his tail responsively.

'Yes, yes, he shall go, little master, if your uncle says he may. You know he is coming for you this afternoon, and you must let him see how brave you can be,' said Nurse, encouragingly.

'Yes, I will, if only Rollo may come with me,' he said, clasping his

arms around the splendid Newfoundland's neck. In due time Mr. Robert North arrived to take charge of his little nephew. His kindly heart warmed with pity to the child, and willingly he gave his consent to Rollo's accompanying them on their journey, forgetful for the time of his wife's great fear of dogs. Reggie, mindful of his promise to Nurse, bravely kept back the tears, and though very tired when he arrived at his new home, he greeted his aunt with a kiss and a winning smile, to which she responded with unusual warmth, for she was by nature cold and reserved. Her heart was wrapped up in her only son, a boy of about Reggie's own age, whose name was Norman.

'Robert, what have you here?' she cried in dismay on first catching sight of Rollo's head in the doorway; 'take him away this moment; where did he come from?'

'Auntie, he's my dog, mayn't I keep him,' cried Reggie in distress.

'No, certainly not—what if he should bite my Norman. He looks as fierce as a lion,' she answered irritably.

Thus the fiat went forth, and the next day Rollo was sent away, much to Reggie's distress and sorrow. His little cousin Norman laughed at him for his devotion to his friend, and finding no sympathy, save an unspoken one in his uncle's eyes, he bore his grief in silence.

As time went on the two boys became great friends and agreed remarkably well. Norman, it is true, was naturally selfish, but the sweetness and courage combined of his young cousin won his heart, and by degrees Reggie became more reconciled to the change in his life, though the longing for his old playmate Rollo never grew less.

One morning, a few weeks after Rollo's banishment the two boys started out for a ramble. It was a half-holiday at the Grammar School where the cousins attended, and thus they were free to enjoy themselves, lessons being over for the day. They had only gone a little way, when the sound of pattering footsteps made them look behind.

An expression of delight came over Reggie's face as he caught sight of Rollo, dusty and travel-worn it is true, but his own dear old friend all the same.

'Rollo! my dear old dog,' cried the boy in delighted surprise. 'Are you sure he won't bite?' said Norman after the first rapture was over.

'Bite!' answered Reggie in scorn; 'I should just like you to know what a splendid fellow he is.'

'He must be a clever dog to find his way back like this. I wish mother would let you keep him, but there is no hope of that, so you'd better let him come with us for a walk, and make the most of his society,' said Norman.

After a ramble in the fields, the two boys made their way down to

the riverside, good old Rollo following close at hand. For a while they stood on the quay watching the men who were busy washing the deck of a barge which was moored there.

'Don't stand too near, Norman, you'll be over,' said Reggie, as his cousin leaned dangerously over the quay on the right-hand side.

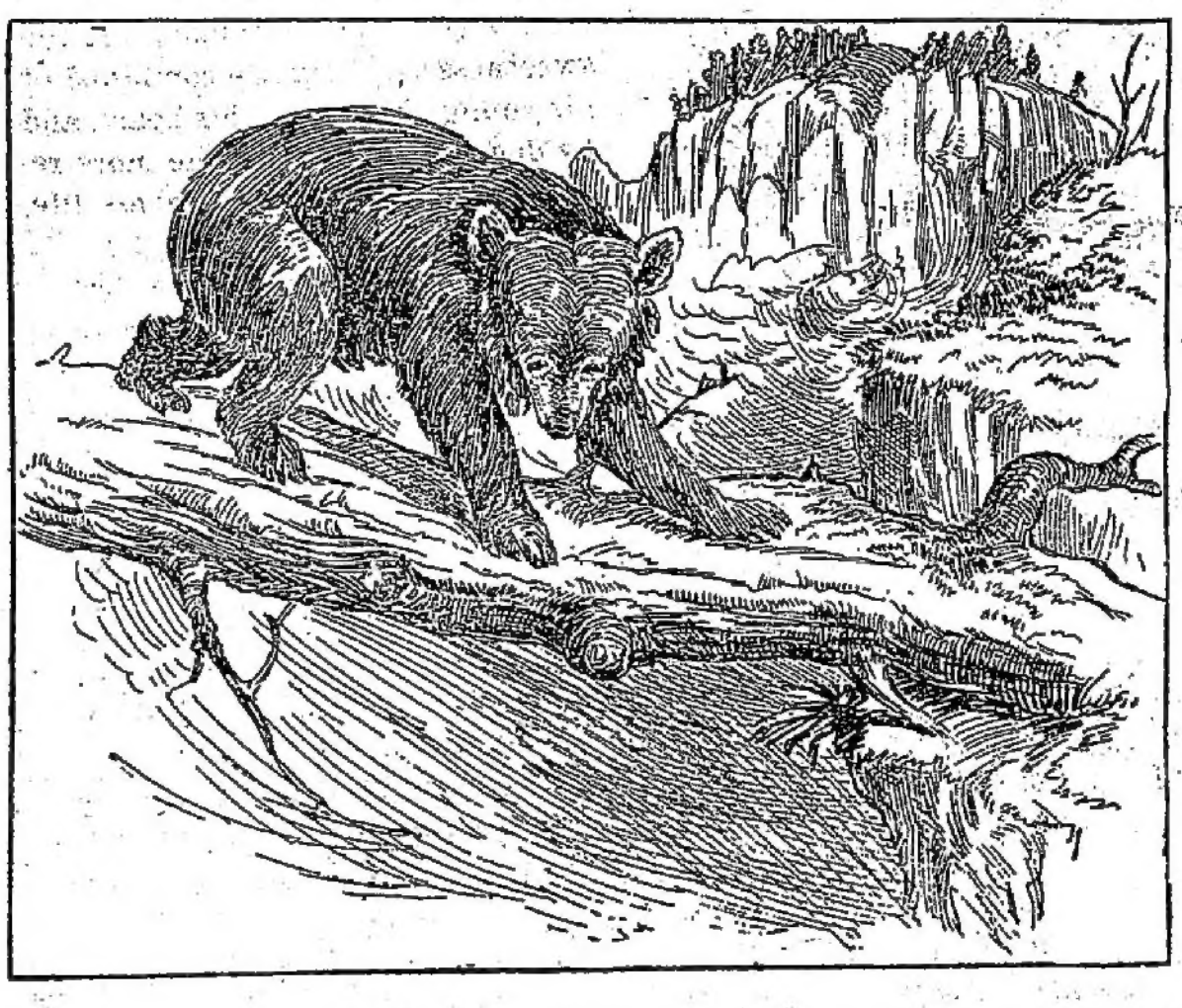
'I'm all right,' he answered.

'Look! Reggie, there's a fine jelly fish; can't you see it—look! where I am pointing.'

Alas! at this moment Norman over-reached himself and fell, with a shrill cry, into the deep water.

Reggie was terror stricken, but at that moment, catching sight of Rollo (who, like his young master, realized the danger), he cried, 'In Rollo! save him!'

Before the men who were near had time to put forth any efforts to save the boy, there was heard a loud splash, and the noble creature made straight for the spot where Norman had already sunk.



Once more the terrified face of the boy rose above the waters, and this time Rollo seized him by the coat, and in a few minutes bore him safely to the shore.

Reggie rushed down from the quay to the pebbly beach, where the dog was shaking himself vigorously, while Norman, though looking faint and ill, was slowly regaining his scattered senses, of which the shock had deprived him, and gradually realizing his great deliverance.

'Rollo has earned his home, Reggie, and he shall never go away with my consent,' said Mr. North to him, on hearing the story of the rescue of his little son, and his auntie, with tears of thankfulness in her eyes, kissed him with all a mother's tenderness.

'Your uncle is quite right, dear boy, Rollo has won our lasting gratitude, and you shall not be separated. He is a good brave dog and worthy of his little master.'

Reggie's heart was almost too full for words, but his look of loving thanks was quite enough to prove his appreciation, and from that day forward Reggie and brave old Rollo lived both happily and contentedly in the new home.—Marian Isabel Hurrell, in 'Band of Mercy.'

The Black Bear.

The black bear is an American species, and is called also Ursus Americanus. Some bears are ferocious, like the grizzly, and most other kinds are not generally bashful or nervous; but the black bear is said to be a timid animal, of quiet and retiring manners.

In size it is about four feet long, and stands two and a half feet high. Unless pressed by hunger, it lives chiefly on fruits and roots in the summer, and is very fond of the little snails which come up to feed on the sweet prairie grass after a shower.

But honey is the dainty for which the bear will climb trees, and set to work in the most industrious manner with teeth and claws in order to rob a nest of wild bees. If the honey and comb be deeply concealed in the hollow of a tree, the bear will perseveringly gnaw his way through the solid wood till he can scoop out comb, honey, and young, which he greedily devours without troubling himself about the stings of the angry bees.

The flesh of the bear, when properly prepared and cooked, is considered a great luxury by the colonists and hunters. The animal usually goes to sleep during the greater part of the winter, and no doubt keeps itself nice and warm and comfortable, wrapped up in its own fur coat.

A great many people have found out that the fur of the black bear makes very comfortable coats and other garments, and so this poor animal is pursued and killed for the sake of its furry skin.—'Child's Companion.'

With All Your Might.

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day—
Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold
Next your heart, lest it grow cold,
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet,
Meet it.

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be,
See it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message bright and clear,
Whispered down to every ear—
Hear it.

—'Family Friend.'

Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

RESPONSIVE EXERCISE NO. IV.—FRUIT FOR MAN'S USE.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

1. God said, Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed,
And every tree in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed.
2. To you it shall be for meat,
Out of the ground the Lord made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food.
3. The land shall yield her fruit,
And ye shall eat your fill.
4. Then I will give you rain in due season,
And the trees of the field shall yield their fruit,
5. Sow ye and reap, and plant vineyards,
And eat the fruit thereof,
6. And by the river shall grow all trees for meat,
And the fruit thereof shall be for meat.
7. Build ye houses and dwell in them,
And plant gardens and eat the fruit of them,
8. He was hungry, and seeing a fig-tree afar off,
He came, if haply he might find anything thereon,
9. On either side of the river was the tree of life,
And yielded her fruit every month.
All.—At our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

Scientific Temperance Teaching.

LESSON XXIV. — SOCIAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

1. If intemperance produces such dreadful results as were related in the last lesson, what effect would it be likely to have in society?

It would be likely to produce a great deal of poverty and of wickedness.

2. And is this really the case?

Yes, indeed. It is shown that a very great part of all poverty and wickedness is produced by drink.

3. How is this fact shown?

By the testimony of judges and lawyers and the records of courts and of almshouses.

4. Can you give any instance?

A distinguished judge in Ireland said that he had presided over more criminal trials than most men living, and hardly one among them was not the consequence of drunkenness. Another said that if people were sober crime would almost entirely disappear.

5. What can we say of the amount of poverty produced by drink?

We know how it makes families poor, because the father or mother does not work, but wastes time and money in drink. But it also causes a great deal of poverty to the country.

6. How does it do this?

Every industrious man by his work produces what makes the community richer. But every drinking, idle man fails to add to the riches of the country, by failing to do and to earn.

7. And are there many such people?

Yes, a great host. In England, and probably in America, one out of every five, who ought to be producing wealth by their work, fails to do this because of drink; and this means the loss in wealth of millions of dollars a year.

8. In what other way does drink produce poverty?

By the great waste of money directly spent for drink.

9. Is the drink bought by this money of any use at all?

No, indeed. We have seen that it brings nothing but evil to the person and to the family, but if this money were spent for useful things it would make both comfortable and healthy and happy.

10. Which would be better; to spend this money for drink or burn it?

To burn it would be much better, because that would not destroy the health, the morals and the souls of the people.

11. If the money spent for drink were used for good purposes what could it do?

It would be enough to give a comfortable home to every family in the land. Everybody could be well fed and clothed, Every child could be given an education. Sunday-schools and churches could be built in all neglected places. Missionaries could be sent to every country in the world. The whole world could be made a delightful, pure and happy place.

12. Would it be necessary to have so many people as now out of work and unable to support themselves?

No; the money spent for drink could be used for all sorts of business and for public works which would give employment and good pay for everybody.

13. What do you know about the children of drinkers?

That the ragged, the abused and the suffering children are always the drunkard's children. They are not sent to school; they are not taught how to support themselves; and they grow up in poverty to increase the amount of poverty in later years.

14. What do you know about deaths resulting from drink?

That a very large part of the sudden and violent deaths are caused by intemperance. And that many, many thousands of people die every year as the result of drink. Many little children, too, are killed every year, by the neglect or the cruelty of drinking parents.

15. What may we say, then, of the effects of intemperance upon society?

That it produces so large a part of all the suffering and misery in the world, that this world would be almost a heaven if there were no alcohol in it.

Hints to Teachers.

There is an inexhaustible wealth of statistical material suitable for the illustration of this lesson. It should be carefully chosen, for it is unnecessary and unwise to shock the tender sensibilities of young children by anything of the detailed horrors of the social results of drink. But culling carefully and explaining wisely they may yet learn the chief facts, and be forever impressed with the great truth that the foundation evil that threatens our social and industrial life is the alcohol habit. Gustafson's 'Foundation of Death' has a chapter which the teacher may well study before the use of this lesson.

Tobacco is a Greater Outlaw Than Alcohol.

That alcohol is diabolical to law and order and to peace and prosperity is entirely true. Through its influence lawlessness, crime, sorrow, want and death prevail in the land. On account of it drunkenness, ribald debauchery, vulgarity, profanity and bacchanalian revelry abound. Yet it must be said that it is these things that make intemperance amenable to law. Because intemperance is repulsive and dangerous it is doomed to an overthrow. On account of these things public attention is aroused, societies are organized, crusades are instituted, political parties are formed and the press, the pulpit and the platform arrayed in open conflict against the entire traffic in strong drink. There are hundreds of men and women, brave, patriotic and capable, whose lives are dedicated to the overthrow of the drink curse.

But tobacco escapes, It is silent, subtle and serene. From the hovel to the palace, from the prodigal to the pulpit, from the nursery to the grave, it holds almost universal and unmolested dominion. Its evil effects are taught in our schools; yet, how its use rages even among school-children!

Says the principal of one of our largest preparatory schools: 'It is the bane of the school and more boys break down in health and are sent home from its influence than from any other.' Yet there is next to no effort put forth to suppress its use among students.

The evil effects of alcohol so universally conspicuous are a constant warning to the young, but the slow and sure process of tobacco poisoning, and the superficial escape from injury in so many cases, makes it the far more deceptive and dangerous drug of the two.

The liquor habit in a measure tends to correct itself and from its greatest victims have come many of its most heroic and aggressive foes. But the tobacco habit deadens and dulls and stealthily holds its victims in willing and hopeless slavery.—J. A. Conwell.

Dr. Lees on Fast Life.

We live in a sensational age, because the nervous stamina of our people is lessened—the very brain is going. And why? The silly cry is, 'We live too fast!' — silly, because it is in itself an effect. With less brain force, stronger outward appeals to excitement are necessary. Sensational play bills—sensational amusements — sensational books — even sensational songs and sermons? What are the elements of this fast life? A fast life is a life of waste, of exhaustion, both morally and physically; and this has been going on in spite of temperance education and shortened hours of labor. What, then, are the chief constituents in this causation which can possibly account for the terrible effects? They are not far to seek, and they are vices entailed upon the children, cursing them ever more with each generation. A tablespoonful of alcohol diluted, taken in the twenty-four hours, causes 4,300 extra heart-beats, and in secondary effect narcotises the recuperative forces. Consider the effect of one hundred and thirty millions of pounds in value of this poison yearly consumed by 12,000,000 adults; and then calculate the possible effect upon the nerve and brain of £16,000,000 worth of the narcotic tobacco consumed by another 20,000,000 of our population. Gambling finds in these people a lowered tone of moral life and intellect, which responds to the temptations of custom, example, and interest, flooding our country with corruption and crime, and filling our homes with heart-break and misery far beyond our skill to describe. Thrift is natural to the Celtic race, but the unnatural appetite for narcotics, on which brewers, wine-growers, and distillers thrive and grow wealthy, counteracts nature. First conquer alcohol and tobacco, and then will foresight and economy resume their happy reign of amelioration and true glory.—'Alliance News.'

Khama and the Liquor traffic

LETTER FROM THE AFRICAN KING.

Khama, the paramount chief of the Bamangwato, has written a letter to the secretary of the Native Races and Liquor Traffic United Committee, in which he says:—'Concerning liquor, I am still trying, but I do not think I can succeed. Here in our country there are Europeans who like liquor exceedingly, and they are not people who like to save a nation, but to seek that a nation may be destroyed by liquor, and they are not people who like to be persuaded in the matter of liquor; but you, who are people of importance in England, I know that you like to save people so that they may live in the land. And I cause you to know that we have seen the path of the train in our land. And concerning the path of the train I rejoice exceedingly. But I say concerning the path of the train there is something in it which I do not like among you—it is the little houses which will be in the path to sell liquor in them. I do not like them, for my people will buy liquor in them. And I say, help me in this matter, for it is a thing which will kill the nation. And I cause you to know, because you are people who do not like nations to be destroyed in the land. Now I end (my words). I say be greeted, my honored friends. To see your ink is like seeing you in England.'

It is only too evident that, as the roads in West Africa are being opened up, the drink traffic rapidly increases. Railways are to be made from Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast into the interior. Hitherto the drink traffic has been confined to the coast, as the transit of gin by porters or slaves involves heavy expenditure. The opening up of the country by railways, unless care be exercised, will mean the flooding of the country with gin.—'Niger and Yoruba Notes.'

LESSON VIII.—AUG. 21.

Naaman Healed.

II. Kings v., 1-14. Read the chapter. Memory verses 13, 14.

Golden Text.

'Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved.' (Jer. xvii., 14.

Home Readings.

M. II. Kings v., 1-19.—Naaman healed.
T. II. Kings v., 20-27.—Gehazi smitten.
W. Luke iv., 16-27.—'None . . . was cleansed saving Naaman.'
T. Jer. xvii., 1-14.—'Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed.'
F. Psa. li., 1-19.—'Wash me . . . whiter than snow.'
S. Matt. viii., 1-17.—'Himself . . . bare our sicknesses.'
S. John ix., 1-38.—'I went and washed, and I received sight.'

Lesson Story.

Naaman, the captain of the Syrian host, a mighty man, and greatly beloved by the king, had one sore affliction, which took from him all the pleasure of life, Naaman was a leper.

Now Naaman's wife had a little serving-maid who had been brought captive from Israel by a band of raiding Syrians. And the little maid with deep pity in her heart for the sufferer, told her mistress of the wonderful miracles of the prophet Elisha in Israel, and expressed a wish that Naaman might go to Elisha and see if the prophet could not heal him.

The king heard of the little maid's information and decided to try what could be done for his favorite general. He sent at once to the king of Israel, with a large present and a letter demanding that he should have Naaman healed of the awful disease of leprosy. When the king of Israel received this letter he was filled with dismay. How could he heal diseases? What should he do? Which way could he turn?

Elisha, the man of God, heard of the king's dismay and at once sent for Naaman. So Naaman with all his pomp and pride came in his chariot and stood at Elisha's door. The prophet sent a messenger saying, 'Go, wash in the Jordan seven times,' with the promise that by this he should be perfectly cleansed of the dread disease.

But the great general was very angry at this message, he had expected Elisha to come humbly out and perform some wonderful miracle in his sight. Besides, the beautiful rivers of Syria would surely be more cleansing than the dark waters of Jordan! So he reasoned in his rage, but his servants came lovingly and persuaded him to obey the prophet. Naaman at last went down and dipped seven times in the Jordan, and his flesh became pure and wholesome and soft as the flesh of a child. Thus did God heal Naaman, the Syrian, through his obedience. The great man wished to make some return to the prophet, but he would take no reward for God's work. But Gehazi, Elisha's servant, secretly and wickedly went after Naaman, and in his master's name accepted a large present, for which sin the leprosy of Naaman clung to Gehazi for the rest of his life.

Lesson Hints.

'King of Syria'—Benhadad II.

'The Lord had given deliverance'—we can do nothing of ourselves, God gives strength and deliverance.

'A leper'—having the most loathsome and dread disease. Leprosy in its hideous defilement is the most perfect type of sin. Naaman probably had everything else that his heart could desire but health. Riches, power, popularity and love, all were his, but the sweetness of life was gone from him, he was a leper.

'A little maid'—one of the captives from Israel. In her own country she had heard of Elisha's wonderful works, and she believed in Elisha's God. She must have proved very trustworthy and truthful to have her word so implicitly believed at this time. She did what she could.

'The king of Israel' — Jehoram, son of Ahab. Benhadad sent to the wrong man, but he probably thought that Elisha was at court, or, at least, in the employ of the king.

'Ten talents of silver,' etc.—the whole gift being worth about one hundred thousand dollars.

'Thou mayest recover him' — the king knew he had no power, and he had quite forgotten the prophet through whom the God of Israel worked.

'Elisha sent a messenger'—to show that the God of Israel was greater than the king of Syria.

'Wash in Jordan'—the waters themselves had no virtue, but simple obedience to God's word always brings salvation and deliverance.

'Naaman was wroth'—at the simplicity of the event. Many of us are like Naaman in fretting to do some great thing, when all God asks of us is simple, loving obedience in the little things of life.

Questions to Be Studied at Home.

1. Had Naaman everything he needed to make him happy?
2. What does leprosy typify?
3. What lesson can we learn from the conduct of the little maid?
4. Which was the greater, Elisha's Master or Naaman's king?
5. Why did Naaman have to wash in the Jordan?
6. What happened when he obeyed?
7. Do you try to obey God always?

Suggested Hymns.

'Dare to be a Daniel,' 'Jesus bids us shine,' 'Jesus saves,' 'Tell the glad story,' 'Tell it again,' 'Stand up for Jesus,' 'Jesus is our Shepherd.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

Aug. 21.

A spoonful of mud will spoil a pot of honey. Verse 1.

God often uses little children to show forth his praise. Verses 2, 3, 4.

If in seasons of distress we flee elsewhere than to God, we cannot find relief. The world cannot cure a disease it will never understand. Verses 5-7.

God always has his workmen though the world may not notice them. Verses 8, 9.

Our Father's commands may be grievous to the flesh, but they are life to the soul. Verse 10.

Though God's ways may be different from ours, they are always so much better that it never becomes us to lose our temper over them. Verses 11, 12.

'A soft answer turns away wrath,' and often leads the erring one to a better line of action.—Verses 13, 14.

Tiverton, Ont.

The Lesson Illustrated.

Our lines here do double duty. First we draw the lines of the river representing Jordan, then a heart cleansed only in that part

which is dipped into the river. This stands for Naaman, and the healing from his leprosy. Then we draw the cross at the source of the river, and it becomes the stream of atoning love, that flowing from the cross of Jesus, cleanses all who trust in him. Many and fair are the Abanas and Pharphars that men have chosen for their cleansing, but this stream alone is of any value.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Aug. 21.—Practical uses of the bible.—Psa. cxix., 97-105.

Under Shepherds.

(Rev. J. R. Miller, in 'Sunday-school Times')

Jesus made very clear the essential qualifications of a true shepherd. Before he committed his little lambs to the care of Peter, he asked him in the most solemn way, 'Lovest thou me?' and got his answer, 'Yea, Lord.' There must be love for Christ in the heart, else the apostle was not ready to be the shepherd of Christ's lambs.

It is well that all who are set to care for children should understand the full significance of this requirement. Love for the work itself is not enough. There are some people who like to teach children, but this is not a sufficient qualification. Enthusiasm for childhood alone does not fit one for the sacred work. The children are Christ's especial care, and he will not entrust them to anyone who is not loyal to him, and who does not love him. He does not say that the shepherds must be very learned or very wise, or highly cultured, but he does insist that they must love him. No one who does not feel towards the children as Jesus himself does, is ready to do his work for them and in them. The lambs are tender and easily harmed. An ungentle touch would hurt them. An unkind word might mar the beauty of their spirit.

It is evident that nothing but love will fit one to be a shepherd of Christ's lambs. Imagine a mother without love. A little child is laid in her arms, but she does not love it. She undertakes to care for it in a perfunctory way, nursing it, providing for it, teaching and training it, yet all without love. Think of that tender young life growing up without the nurture of love! It might almost as well be in a home for foundlings as with an unloving mother.

But even the best human love, sweet and holy as it is, even mother-love, the deepest, purest, most sacred of human affections, is not enough to prepare one to be a shepherd of the lambs. The love of Christ must be in the heart of one who would fittingly do this holy work. Unless a woman loves Christ—however much she may love her child—she is not ready to be a mother of little children who belong to Christ. The teacher who does not love Christ, however naturally affectionate and sympathetic he may be, lacks the essential qualification for being a true shepherd of Christ's little lambs.

Why is the love of Christ necessary for this shepherding? Nothing in this world is so sensitive as a child's soul. A rough or careless touch may leave eternal marring on it. You go out one day with a geologist and he shows you on certain rocks the prints of birds' feet, the indentation made by falling raindrops, the impression of a leaf with all its fine veinage. Once that rock was plastic clay, and the birds walked over it, the rain fell on it, and the leaf fluttered down and lay there. Next day the clay became dry and hardened, holding all these impressions. At length it became rock. Then some mighty upheaval tossed it to the side of a great mountain, where the man of science found it. But through all the long centuries, and in fire and flood, it has kept these ancient marks to tell the story of its origin.

Yet more sensitive to impressions than the plastic clay, and holding them yet more tenaciously, is the life of a little child. Every phase of influence that passes over it leaves its own record indelibly written. If we are impatient, the impatience will leave its trace; if we grow angry, our anger will make a wound; if our life is impure, it will leave tarnishing. They must be holy, pure and meek, who would do Christ's work worthily on the soul of a little child. Nothing but the love of Christ in a heart will make it truly fit for shepherding Christ's lambs.—Rev. J. R. Miller.

Every Sunday-school having a library should expend a certain amount of money annually for new supplies. These new supplies, however, should never reach the shelves without being carefully examined by a special committee set apart for this work. Too much care cannot be exercised in the choice of this committee; that they be 'full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom,' would not be requiring too much. Fathers, mothers, teachers, and others, who, while keeping in touch with the best literature, also keep sufficiently in touch with the young people about them to know what will interest while it profits, will serve well on this committee. Such a committee will not fail to secure supplies that will be of value also to all the members of the school, whether they be pupils, teachers, or officers.—'Sunday-school Times.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Happy Homes Needed.

As a case in point; I had a lad sent to me on the death of his mother, who had never had any home-life, and who knew really nothing about living except to sly out of doors as soon as supper was over, lounge around groceries or street corners, and find what entertainment he could with street boys and loafers. As soon as I discovered what his habits were, I spoke to him about them and got a rather ungracious response to the effect that he had always been allowed to go out when he wanted to, and didn't care to sit indoors and be tied to anybody's apron-strings.

It was one of those cases where argument is worse than useless. We had just come home from the country, and the family was scarcely organized. I said not a word, but the next evening, when we were a little settled, I noticed that the boy was beginning to get uneasy, and was looking for his hat. He evidently expected to be called back, but I paid no attention to him, and he went away. No sooner was he out of the house than I brought out some new games. I took special pains whenever the first autumn evening came to have something extremely amusing and entertaining in reserve as a surprise for the children, and one with as many elements of keen enjoyment as I was able to provide. I did this because I had observed that on first coming home and settling down to everyday business again, there was liable to be a restive spirit among the children, and it took some time to get them well into harness. I had that season been fortunate enough to find a number of delightful novelties, and had kept them out of sight up to this time. One of these I brought out as soon as we were settled for the evening.

The children were enthusiastic, and some one asked for Harry and wished him to share their pleasure with the new game. Of course he was nowhere to be found, and I merely said he took his hat and went out, and told the children to make no comment whatever on his absence.

He did not come in until all the young folks were in bed, then he came in a sort of deprecatory, shy fashion, evidently expecting a lecture, in which however he was disappointed. I opened the door myself and said: 'Ah, my boy, are you back?' He answered: 'Yes, ma'am,' said good night and went upstairs.

The children could talk of nothing at the breakfast table but the new game, and expressed regrets that Harry was not there to enjoy it with them. I said: 'But, my dears, Harry prefers to go somewhere else; and you know he is a stranger, and we will let him do that which pleases him most.'

There was a curious look of surprise on the boy's face, but he said nothing. That evening when supper was over, he stayed around, and seemed not in the least anxious to get his hat. I kept the children out of the way, waiting to see what he would do. After a time he started for the door, then came back for a drink of water, saying that he didn't feel very well. I asked him if we could do anything for him; he answered no, and went away, but came back in about half an hour and came to the sitting-room, where I was busy with some sewing. The children were in the front-room at their game. It was a most amusing situation, and I watched the boy with no little interest. He evidently wanted to be invited, but was determined not to give any hint of it. At last I asked him if he would be interested in their amusements; he said yes; then I called the oldest and gave Harry in charge.

To make a long story short that was the last evening that that boy went out of the house alone for his evening amusement for four years. He often said, later in life, that those games and those evenings at the house unquestionably saved him from a career of dissipation. He had never known any such entertainment at home, and did not suppose such evenings possible.—'Ledger.'

Pure Water.

Dr. W. Wyman, Surgeon-General of the Maine Hospital Service, estimates the annual deaths in the United States at 48,000 from typhoid fever—a disease well known to be preventible, the greatest step towards prevention being the securing of pure water for towns. If the life of every victim is placed at one thousand dollars, as many reckoned, it would mean a loss of $48,000,000 each year; and as it is reckoned that for every one who dies there are ten persons attacked who recover, there would be the loss of time and the suffering that these endure to be taken into account; and in view of the depressing whole it is a matter of great thankfulness that the true way of its communication and the best way of fighting it have been discovered. Probably at the end of the twentieth century people will look back upon the equanimity with which its attacks are endured, much as we do on the people who, early in the last century, viewed the invasions of smallpox as an inevitable 'visitation of God.' Now that we know how the disease gains access to the system the first step has been taken, and the object-lesson afforded by the immediate reduction of the death-rate, where a pure water supply has replaced a foul one, affords every encouragement to the wise action, which pays money to the iron-pipe maker, and the constructor of filter-beds and garbage-destroyers, instead of to the doctor, the apothecary and the undertaker. As for the suffering and misery thereby forestalled, there are no words to express its amount.—'The Independent.'

Something About Meats.

We weary of the same old stereotyped dishes. All sorts of food, specially the different kinds of meat, need to be varied. Even roast lamb palls upon the appetite when served too often in just the same style. Too much roast pork is not considered wholesome, although accompanied by the indispensible apple sauce. Many will not touch pork at all, unless they 'knew the pig,' and roast beef of the best gets to be an 'old story,' after a while. Poultry is not always within reach, as to place or price.

To make a substantial and satisfactory dish from what is left over from regular roasts is indeed quite an art, and opens the way for some most interesting experiments in cookery, as well as for the presentation of some most delicious and attractive dishes. If few are to be served, or but little meat is wanted, a forequarter of lamb will do for roasting, and the meat is very sweet, for the 'nearer the bone the sweeter the meat,' is a true old adage, but it is poor economy to pay for so much bone.

So the leg of lamb, with the bone taken out, and put in roasting shape by the butcher, is by far the easier and more profitable way to invest in this particular meat. Stuffing the leg gives a variety, but without this we suppose it roasted, well done, and plenty of rich brown gravy to go with it, and be left, with what is not used, at the first serving.

The next day's dinner can be made very acceptable by slicing, rather thickly, and across the grain, of course, the cold lamb, covering it with the brown gravy, and making it very hot, as to cook it would only make it tough. It is very easy to serve this way, tastes differently from the original roast, and is often preferred to it.

More meat would yet be left from a leg of lamb, of moderate weight, in a family of six. The homely, ragged parts left can be utilized in many ways for breakfast dishes. When finely chopped, and barely moistened with some of the brown gravy, it makes a most delicious hash, plain or served on toast, and some of the chopped lamb, held together by an egg and a little mashed potato, makes a dish of croquettes that no one will object to. The butcher upon request will send home the bones with the meat, which will make the foundation for many a kind of soup. So a leg of lamb is a most economical investment, and one need not weary of the roast either.

A round steak can be treated so that it can make a nice and handsome dinner dish as acceptable quite as a roast. Get a thick slice from a tender part of the round. Trim of all the fat, and cut it in small bits to put under the meat, in the oven. Trim the meat to a long oval in shape that it may look well. Lay it for a couple of hours on a platter, with a half a cupful of vinegar under it, and another half a cupful of vinegar over it. This will make the toughest meat tender, as tender as a porterhouse steak. Then dry off with a clean napkin, and make a dressing of stale bread, crumbled, highly seasoned with salt, pepper, cayenne, and a little powdered thyme, moistened with melted butter, one well-beaten egg, and enough hot water to make it spread easily. Lay the steak in a dripping-pan, with the chopped bits of fat under it. Spread the dressing smoothly all over the top of the meat, place it in a hot oven and bake twenty minutes, or a little more if the steak is very thick. This is a simple, inexpensive dish and the thyme gives it a special relish.

A plain dinner dish that is also very nice cold for supper is made of a combination of pork and lean beef, a pound of each, chopped very fine, and thoroughly mixed together. Add a level spoonful of salt, a generous allowance of pepper, a little powdered thyme and nutmeg, also a small onion and a few leaves of parsley, all finely minced. To these ingredients add lastly four eggs and a pint of fine bread crumbs. It should be stiff enough to mould into a loaf, yet not too dry. Put into a dripping-pan, and put little bits of butter all over it, basting occasionally with the drippings of butter, till it is a rich brown.—Katherine Armstrong, in N. Y. 'Observer.'

Selected Recipes.

To Fry Fresh Fish. — Cut the fish into pieces, and dip them in a well-beaten egg. Roll in flour or cornmeal, and brown it quick in hot lard; then cover the frying-pan and set it on the back of the stove to cook through. Serve while hot.

Parsnip Fritters.—Take three large parsnips and boil them till tender; peel them and mash them very finely; add a teaspoonfull of flour, one well-beaten egg and salt to taste. Make the mixture into small cakes with a spoon, and fry them on both sides a delicate brown in good drippings or butter. Serve them up very hot, and piled upon the dish.

Jam Pudding.—Chop three tablespoonfuls of beef suet fine; add half a pound of sifted flour and a pinch of salt; mix with cold water to make stiff dough; roll out an inch thick on a well floured bread-board; spread thickly with blackberry or currant jam; roll up in a well floured cloth, and steam for two hours and a half. Serve with sauce.

Taploca Pudding. — Wash a teacupful of taploca through several waters, and put to soak for half an hour; pour over a quart of milk and let stand on the back of the range until warm; add a teacupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, and four well-beaten eggs; flavor to taste; turn into a pudding-dish, and set in a hot oven to bake for three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot or cold.

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